TREASURE SPOTS OF THE WORLD

TWENTY EIGHT

Splendid Photographs

EDITED BY

Walter Woodbury

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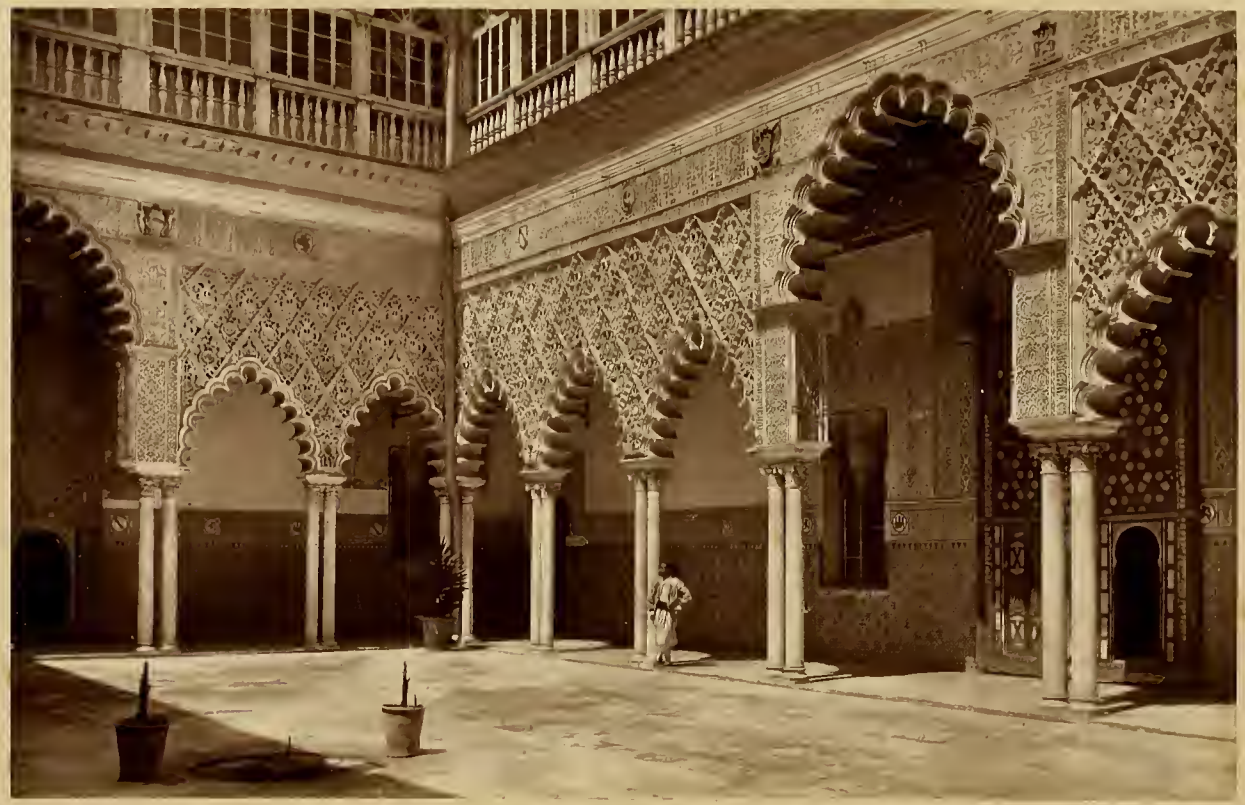

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COURTYARD OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

TREASURE SPOTS

OF THE

WORLD.

A SELECTION OF THE CHIEF BEAUTIES AND WONDERS

OF NATURE AND ART.

EDITED BY

WALTER B. WOODBURY.

CONTAINING TWENTY-EIGHT SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPHS.

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PREFACE.

THE object of this, the first gift-book of its character, is to place before the public a selection of the most celebrated of the world's beauties and wonders, which being all pictures of the unerring sun's work are necessarily true to the places they represent, without any flattery. The Editor's aim has been to make the selection pleasing from its very variety, and to represent the most interesting places to be found in the principal countries of the world. The photographs are all taken by gentlemen whose names stand high in the photographic profession; and the proofs being printed in imperishable pigments by the Woodbury Process are thus guaranteed from fading or ever losing their brilliancy.

The endless choice of earth's beautiful scenery will enable us, should the present volume receive the esteem of the public, to present yearly a collection of the camera's choicest renderings.

W. B. W.

CLIFF HOUSE,
GREENHITHE.

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COURTYARD OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

" Seville, gay Seville, with its colonnades,
And mosques and convent chimes and castanets,
And flashing eyes of Andalusian maids,
And Gothic towers and Moorish minarets,"

SUNG the poet, summing up in this musical stanza the characteristic attractions and beauties of the city which stay-at-home English folk, if any such now exist, connect with ideas of bull-fights and Seville oranges.

Three principal architectural ornaments are the pride of the proud Sevillians, although within their circular walls, partly of Roman, partly of Moorish architecture, pierced with fifteen gates and strengthened by many towers, are so many objects of interest and historical association, that few who have visited the city have succeeded in making a complete investigation of its wealth of treasure. These three are the Cathedral, a strange mixture of Arabian, Gothic and Græco-Roman architecture; the Giralda, a Moorish tower of exquisite beauty, which serves as a belfry to the cathedral; and the Alcazar, a deserted palace. The latter was probably built before the Alhambra of Granada by the Moorish kings of Andalusia, but on the expulsion of the Africans from thence by Pedro the Cruel, who was passionately fond of Saracen architecture, he so rebuilt and restored it in the original style that it is considered to be practically his work, and thus strangely enough, the Moorish work of a Gothic king.

Pedro used it as his royal palace until, in 1369, notwithstanding the ill requited attempts of our own Black Prince to save him from the richly merited reward of a life of almost unexampled villainy and crime, he lost both his dishonoured throne and his misspent life.

We cannot doubt that these vaulted cloisters, these marble balconies, once rang with the cries of *his* victims, whom neither natural relationship, gratitude, nor pity could restrain from the most unheard-of atrocities.

COURTYARD OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

The Alcazar consists of a large hall, forty-five feet square and about one hundred and thirty feet in height, called the Sala de los Embajadores, or Hall of the Ambassadors, which the accompanying photograph places vividly before us, in its beauty of tracery and design, rivalling, if not surpassing, the arabesques of the Alhambra.

The pavement is of marble, the ceiling is painted blue and gold, and the panelling of the wainscots is formed of painted tiles.

It is impossible to describe it with any success, for the exquisite details are innumerable, and the spectator is dazzled by all that meets his eyes in whatever direction he may turn them. One can only ask the reader to imagine the arabesques, so exquisitely delineated in the photograph, to be coloured with the azures and scarlets, the emeralds and gilding from the wings of tropic humming birds, that he may have some faint idea of the sensations produced by the sight of the marvellous work. The gardens around the palace are very beautiful, and adorned with numerous and hidden fountains, of which the traveller must be aware if he would not wish to experience their cooling influences. The Alcazar presents a delightful contrast to the cathedral, which cannot fail to strike the spectator: there all is gloom, mystery, solemn magnificence, and massive grandeur; here all is lightness, graceful elegance, and sparkling colour. It is difficult to imagine that that is the great Christian Church, this the scene of deeds of treachery and malice.

No one can gaze into the photograph before us without being transported into a new world of thought and feeling. The Moors of Africa were no barbarians, to be repulsed with force and kept under with fraud, but men of talent, originality, and cultivation far beyond their conquerors, and to them we owe, as the names imply by their Arabic derivation, the arts of algebra and alchemy, since merged into chemistry—and to them we trace the numerals used in our counting-houses and in our schools and in every department of life; and thus in the charming arrangement of multiplied detail, beautiful in its regularity, boundless in its profusion, the national mind of those lofty-browed Saracens opens before us. Yes, clear indeed were the heads of those swarthy infidels, sharp their swords, bright their eyes flashing on Christian gold and Christian maidens; but the picture before us tells the tale of their conquest and expulsion, and should recall the memories of warfare, which, like that of the Israelites with the inhabitants of the land, has made Spain in great measure what it has been, and may be even now influencing the fortunes of that still unhappy country.

FRANCIS CLEMENT NAISH.

C. ai photo. *Wm. Curry, c.*

STREET IN CAIRO.

STREET IN CAIRO.

CAIRO, Kahira, or more properly by its full Arabic designation El Ckáhireh, is situated in a plain near the apex of the Nile Delta, and forms the capital of modern Egypt.

It occupies about three square miles, and its mixed population of Mussulmans, Copts, Jews, and Europeans are enclosed within a wall whose gates are shut at night, whilst a large citadel, situated on a spur of the ridge of Mokattam, commands the city, and serves as a residence for the Pacha.

The whole aspect of Cairo is thoroughly Oriental. The streets are narrow and unpaved, more like our ideas of lanes than the streets of a capital.

In the great thoroughfares there is a row of shops on both sides, and above the shops are suites of apartments, which do not communicate with them, but are inhabited by private families. The by-streets have gates, which, like the gates of the city, are closed at night, and guarded by a porter within, who opens them to persons requiring admittance.

Sometimes one may find a cluster of streets, and courts branching out of them to right and left, which have but one common entrance, guarded in this manner.

Most of the better class of houses are cased to the height of the first floor with stone from the neighbouring mountain, somewhat resembling Bath freestone in appearance, whilst the upper part of the building is of dark red bricks, which, however, are often plastered.

The ground-floor rooms, next to the street, have small wooden grated windows; but the windows of the upper apartments are mostly formed of wooden lattice work, which, as represented in the photograph before us, shuts out much of the light and sun, but lets the air in freely. In some of the better houses, however, a frame of glass is used within these jalousies, which helps to exclude the piercing cold of the winter season.

The houses are built after the usual Oriental model, around a court

upon which look the windows of the principal apartments, and in its centre there is generally a well of brackish water, which filters through the soil from the river Nile, whilst on its most shaded side two water-jars invariably stand, replenished from time to time from the skin bottles in which the water-carriers bring the river water into the city for drinking purposes.

Amongst the numerous mosques, four are especially noticeable for their size and architecture. That of Tooloon dates from the ninth century,—El Azhar, which we see before us in the photograph, is remarkable for its magnificent dome and for the college attached to it,—the mosque of Hhasaneyn, with its yet more lofty dome and two towering minarets, is resplendent with marble ornaments and gorgeous decoration,—whilst the fourth, El Hakim, is well worthy a passing visit.

Cairo is considered the best school of Arabic literature; and for Mahommedan theology and jurisprudence the fame of its professors is unrivalled. Every mosque has a day-school attached to it, in which the children learn to read the Koran, and also writing and arithmetic in the higher forms, but the schoolmasters themselves are persons of very little learning, and the youth of Cairo probably do not enjoy such educational advantages as might be expected in the land which may fairly be considered the native home of the liberal sciences.

But the college attached to the mosque of El Azhar offers opportunities which those who are intended for the sacred or learned professions are not slow to accept, more especially as the instruction is given gratis, and the professors subsist by teaching in private houses, by copying books, and on the presents which they receive from the wealthy.

Here is a considerable library, and courses of lectures on logic, theology, grammar, rhetoric, exegesis of the Koran, the tradition of the prophets, and religious, moral, and criminal law employ the time of the youthful Mussulmans, who congregate from all parts of the Mahommedan world.

Besides this university there is an elementary school of arts and sciences for the instruction of civil engineers.

Cairo is undoubtedly the first Arab city of our age, and there is no other place in which we can obtain such a complete knowledge of the most civilized class of Arabs. The men are finer and the women fairer and more beautiful than in any other part of Egypt, whilst the salubrious climate and clear, transparent air give a charm and richness to the ever-varying scenes and mingled reminiscences of this romantic city.

FRANCIS CLEMENT NAISH.

RIVER SCENE, JAVA.

THERE is probably no country in the world where the beauty and luxuriance of tropical vegetation is better displayed than in Java. In the lowlands, the great forests that once covered the whole country have disappeared before the advance of cultivation, but even here the river banks often present us with such charming bits of tropical nature as the one represented in our illustration. At an elevation of 3,000 or 4,000 feet, however, the mountain sides are in many places still clothed with virgin forests, whose gloomy recesses are choked with a luxuriant vegetation of ferns and scitamineæ, while the stems and branches of the giant trees support countless orchids and bromelias. Climbing ferns and arums ascend the trunks, and strange climbers, often strung with flowers, hang their festoons from the branches.

Returning now to our river scene, let us describe the more remarkable forms of vegetable life which it presents. The large tree which stands on the left bank, and rises to the top of the picture, is the celebrated bread-fruit tree (*Artocarpus incisa*), a native of the islands of the Pacific, but which has been long cultivated in the Malay Archipelago. The two palms whose heads occupy the centre of the view are cocoa-nut trees, and the dense mass of drooping feathery vegetation beneath them is a thicket of bamboos—gigantic tropical grasses which, when forming isolated tufts 80 or 100 feet high, are, perhaps, the most beautiful and graceful of all plants. In the lower right-hand corner a spray of bamboo comes in the foreground, while several bamboo rafts are seen in the water and on shore. Immediately to the right of the cocoa-nut palms is one of the silk-cotton trees belonging to the natural order bombaceæ, whose seeds are so thickly surrounded by a beautiful silky down, that bushels of it can be gathered

when the fruits burst open and the cotton falls to the ground. To the right of this again is another palm called the aren, and, by botanists, *Arenga saccharifera.* It is highly prized by the Malays, since it yields wine, sugar and cordage. When the flower-stem is cut off, a great quantity of sweet sap flows out for weeks together. Slightly fermented, this is palm wine, a refreshing drink like new beer or cider. If the fresh juice is boiled, it yields a dark-coloured but very excellent sugar; while the leaf-stalks are thickly clothed with stiff, black fibres, which are woven into cordage for use in the native boats. The great leafy tufts that rise from the bank on the right-hand side of the picture are bananas, the *Musa paradisaica* of botanists, a plant that was believed by Humboldt to yield more food for man from a given space of ground than any other vegetable. Close above the right-hand tuft of bananas is a palm, like a stiff plume of feathers. This is a young sago palm, the pith of whose stem consists almost wholly of sago intermixed with a little fibrous matter. Our illustration, therefore, shows us no less than seven of the most useful, beautiful, and curious tropical plants; and if the reader will imagine an undergrowth of dwarf palms, and ferns, and glossy-leaved vegetation, all in the most vigorous and luxuriant growth, under the influence of constant showers and intense sunlight; brilliant birds flitting among the trees; numerous butterflies fluttering lazily, now in sunlight, now in shade; shining lizards creeping noiselessly about; and the constant hum of insects filling the air,—they will be better able to picture for themselves that living reality of a tropical landscape, which even the truthful photograph can only imperfectly represent.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

Gold photo.

CORDOVA CATHEDRAL, SPAIN.

INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

AMONGST the greatest wonders of architecture may well be ranked the great Mosque of Cordova, although the beauty of this strange building is not now such as it was in the days of the Kaliph, having under Charles V. had its grandest effects destroyed by a choir erected by the direction of the Chapter of Cordova, to make room for which, sixty of the beautiful columns were taken away; thus arresting the view in all directions and utterly spoiling the general effect.

When Charles V. visited Cordova some three years afterwards, and saw the mischief the monks had done, he is reported to have said, "You have built here what you, or any one might have built elsewhere, but you have destroyed what was unique in the whole world. You have pulled down what was complete, and have begun what you cannot finish."

With the exception of the central portion alluded to, the eye wanders over innumerable arches stretching far into the distance, supported by graceful columns of marble, jasper, and porphyry, which suggest to the mind a strong resemblance to a forest of pine trees.

The Mosque of Cordova dates as far back as the year 770, and when originally constructed must have been of wonderful beauty. Mr. B. Edwards, in his "Journey through Spain to the Sahara," thus describes it: "To have seen the Mosque of Cordova forms an era in one's life. It is so vast, so solemn, so beautiful. You seem to be wandering at sunset time in a large and dusky forest, intersected by regular alleys of tall, stately palms. No matter in what direction you turn your face, northward, southward, eastward, westward, the same beautiful perspective meets your eye, file after file of marble and jasper columns supporting the double horseshoe arch. Nothing

can be more imposing, and at the same graceful, than this arrangement of transverse aisles; and the interlaced arches, being delicately coloured in red and white, may not inaptly be compared to foliage of a palm forest, flushed with the rays of the setting sun. If so impressive now, what must this place have been in the glorious days of Abdur-rahman, the Al Raschid of Cordova, when the roofs blazed with arabesques of red and blue and 'patines of bright gold;' the floors were covered with gorgeous carpets, and the aisles swarmed with thousands of worshippers in their bright Eastern dresses! The richest imagination cannot even paint the scene, the readiest fancy cannot embellish it; and only those who have imbibed the rich colours of the East can close their eyes and dream of it. When the dream is over, cast your eyes along the long lines of columns, and you will see where the shoulders of spectators and worshippers of ages have left an enduring mark —a touching sight! and then go into the once exquisite Maksara, or Caliph's seat, and weep to see what becomes of beautiful things in Spain."

W. B. Woodbury.

TINTERN ABBEY.

THE taste displayed by the "monks of old" in the selection of localities at which to erect their monastic establishments was perfect. Whatever might have been the extent to which they carried their individual mortifications, there is no doubt that the shutting of the eyes to the beauties of nature formed no part of such mortification, for, as a rule, establishments of this kind are invariably found situated amid scenery of the most charming and attractive nature. And such is Tintern Abbey. Ensconced in a sheltered valley on the western bank of the river Wye, Tintern seems the very embodiment of an abode of religious peace and retirement, in which man might enter into the most intimate communion with nature. It was founded by Walter de Clare, in 1131, or about three years after the Cistercians or White Monks, a branch of the Benedictine order, made their appearance in England; hence of the various Cistercian abbeys in this country, that of Tintern is one of the oldest. It was dedicated to St. Mary. The church, of which an interior view is here presented, is considered to be an excellent specimen of pure Gothic architecture, and unsurpassed in respect of the lightness and elegance of its structure, or of the delicacy of its ornamentation. Mass was first celebrated in the church in October, 1168, at which time the building had not been quite completed, this only having been accomplished in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Of all the archæological remains of a similar kind, Tintern Abbey is probably the most familiar to the public. The adjacent scenery, replete with all those elements which conduce to attract, the wooded and sloping banks of the Wye, the rugged cliffs, the

solitude and grandeur of the surroundings, render this a spot dear to the tourist; while of those who have never visited the locality, the pencil of the artist and the camera of the photographer have aided in making them, in some degree, acquainted with a pile which, in respect of romantic and picturesque associations, as well as of elegance of structure, has few compeers.

After the Reformation, Tintern Abbey was granted by the Crown to Henry, the Second Earl of Worcester. It is situated in Monmouthshire, about nine miles to the south of Monmouth.

J. Traill Taylor.

RUINS OF SCHÖNBERG, NEAR OBERWESEL, ON THE RHINE.

AFTER passing the broad but somewhat shallow portion of the Rhine which stretches from Mainz (or Mayence) to Bingen in a direction almost due east and west, and in which the channel is divided here and there by several long and narrow islands, the traveller finds the course of the river alter to the north-west, while the river itself is narrower, and its banks steeper. Leaving Lorch and Caub behind him on the right bank, and Bacharach, almost midway between them, on the left, he approaches Oberwesel, which is also on the left bank. This is a charming little town, one of the gems, in fact, of the Rhine, picturesquely situated amid beautiful scenery, and possessing two architectural attractions in the Ochsenthurm, a castle by the river-side with battlemented walls and a high round watch-tower; and the Liebfrauenkirche, or Church of Our Lady, just beyond the limits of the town, presenting in its roof, porches, rood-loft, and altar-piece, many exquisite studies of mediæval Gothic art and architecture of the fourteenth century. Attached to this church is a side chapel, in which are many monuments and tombs, not remarkable for beauty of design and careful execution, but interesting from the fact that they are erected to the memory of various members of the Schönberg or Schomberg family, one of whom, the famous Frédéric Armand, Duc de Schomberg and Marshal of France, quitted, immediately after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the country for which he had fought so bravely; accompanied William of Orange to England in 1688, and, two years later, fell at the battle of the Boyne in the hour of victory.

About half a mile above Oberwesel, on the same side of the river, are the ruins of the old castle of Schönberg, from which the Schombergs derived their family name. It stands on a height close to and commanding the river, and all who visit its crumbling walls are amply repaid by the view that is gained both up and down the river. The front towards the river is flanked on either side by a round tower, a conspicuous feature in every Rhenish castle of the period, as forming a vantage-ground for espial on the river and all that passed up or down.

It takes its name—Schönberg or Beautiful Hill—from the picturesque appearance of the eminence itself and the views on either side that are obtained from it. Tradition, however, assigns a different and far more romantic origin to the name, which is derived, as the story goes, from the seven beautiful daughters of a knight who once owned and held the fortalice and who was an ancestor of the hero of the Boyne. The bright eyes and fair faces of the seven ladies of the hill caused them to be sought in marriage by almost every unwedded knight who chanced to look on them, but each sister steadily and scornfully refused to listen to the vows and promises of any of those who aspired to her hand, and at last for their obstinacy and obduracy of heart the seven merciless sirens were changed into seven rocks, that show just above the surface of the stream near Oberwesel when the water is very low. On many points about which it would interest one to be informed—namely, how, when, and by whom the young ladies were thrown into the Rhine, and by what agency each fair and beautiful form was metamorphosed into a black and ugly rock, tradition is altogether silent.

F. Y.

Braun photo. *Wo tburytybe.*

LE TROU PERDU, VIA MALA, SWITZERLAND.

LE TROU PERDU, VIA MALA, SWITZERLAND.

IN the south-eastern part of Switzerland, on the high road from Coire to Chiavenna and between the villages of Thusis and Andeer, is the celebrated defile, which, from the difficulties it presented to those who would make their way along its precipitous sides, gained for itself in times remote the inauspicious name of "Via Mala," or the Evil Way.

A glance at the accompanying illustration will give the reader a far better idea than any description, however graphic, can impart of the wild and magnificent scenery of the pass, and the character of its all but perpendicular cliffs and crags, relieved here and there with a scanty fringe of stunted pines and brushwood which have found foothold in the clefts and crevices of its inhospitable rocks. At the bottom of the gorge the Rhine, making its way northwards, chafes in its narrow bed, a stream of foaming water apparently of little more than a cable's thickness. The length of the defile is about three miles and a half, while the precipices that form its sides tower upwards in parts, at least, 1600 feet above the river at their feet, and are in some places—notably, at the entrance near Thusis—not more than thirty feet apart.

Going southward from Thusis to Zillis, the ascent of the Via Mala commences about a quarter of a mile from the former, and here, at the very entrance to the gorge, the cliffs are so steep that there is scarcely a ledge from top to bottom on which a goat could stand. So deep

was the rift here, and so precipitous, that no one dared attempt to clamber along its sides, and at last the people of the neighbouring villages came to speak of it as "Le Trou Perdu," or The Lost Gulf. Those who would journey from Thusis to Andeer and Splügen were compelled to make a détour through the valley of the Nolla, and reach Zillis by crossing the shoulder of Piz Beverin. Later on, the way was shortened somewhat by a road which crossed the mountains to the hamlet of Rongella, and then took its course along the less inaccessible portion of the defile; but, at last, when the eighteenth century was drawing towards its close, the engineer Pocobelli was entrusted with the task of making a new road, and he conceived the idea of cutting a way out of the solid rock, spanning, when necessary, the chasms that broke the continuity of the route by substantial bridges. His first care was to drive a tunnel through the spur or buttress of rock which flanks one side of the Trou Perdu, and which is approached by the short bridge-like structure shown in the foreground of the illustration. This tunnel is seventy-two yards long, and gives access to a roadway which for more than 333 yards is literally a groove scooped out along the mountain side, arched over with hanging rocks above, and guarded on the open side by a low but substantial wall. The rest of the road is constructed for the most part in a similar manner, and passes over three fine bridges, of which the middle one is roofed in to protect the traveller from stones and débris that might fall from the cliffs that overhang it. When the third bridge is passed the open country is reached and the grandeur of the scenery of the Via Mala finds an agreeable contrast in the well-watered meadows of the green valley of Schams.

F. Y.

Parrel photo. *Woodburytype.*

ANTANANARIVO, CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR.

ANTANANARIVO.

THE CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR.

MADAGASCAR has been the scene of an unusually rapid advance from a state of barbarism to a comparatively high state of civilization. With the object of suppressing the slave trade, a treaty was made in 1817 between Great Britain and Radama, the king of the Hovas, who, in pursuance of the treaty, was supplied with arms and ammunition, and with men to instruct his troops in the use of firearms, and in European methods of warfare. Whatever effect this treaty had on the slave trade, it had a mighty influence on the destiny of Madagascar. At that time, the Hovas were but one of several independent tribes in the island, but with better arms and better discipline, Radama quickly made himself supreme. About this time, some missionaries from the London Missionary Society landed in Madagascar, and the astute monarch encouraged them to prosecute their labours. He expected that his people would derive large material benefit from the instruction of these Christian men, and he was not disappointed. They reduced the language to writing, introduced the art of printing, compiled and printed grammars and other books, and in ten years some thirty thousand natives had learned to read—an accomplishment which, until the missionaries landed, was unknown in the island. Under the artizans who had wisely been sent out to join the Mission, some fifteen hundred youths had been taught the English methods of working in iron, wood, leather, &c.

Radama died in 1828, and then ensued a long period of reaction under his successor. Europeans were banished, and Christianity was prohibited. Political changes have brought religious freedom, and there has been a wonderful spread of the Christian faith. The national idols were destroyed

in 1869, but the Queen, although herself a convert, left her subjects perfectly free to follow their own convictions.

Madagascar is rather more in extent than the British Islands, with a population of about five millions. The island is traversed in its whole extent by a mountain chain, rising in some parts 12,000 feet. The country is densely wooded and well watered, and many of the streams are well adapted for commercial highways, particularly the Betsibuka, which is 400 miles long. There is an abundance of iron, in the working of which the natives have considerable skill. The great want of the country is good roads, which the people are unwilling to make, as the woods which cover the low-lying lands all along the shore are a strong defence against an invader. There is an almost boundless supply of timber, but no easy way of bringing it to the sea-side. Wheeled vehicles are unknown, and travelling is by palanquins borne on men's shoulders.

To the naturalist Madagascar presents features of peculiar interest. Many species of flora and fauna met with here are found nowhere else. Of the botanical curiosities, the Traveller's Tree (*Urania speciosa*), and the beautiful Lattice-leaf Plant (*Ouviranda fenestralis*), have been minutely described, if not made known to this country, by the late Rev. W. Ellis.

Antananarivo, The City of a Thousand Towns, stands on a hill 7,000 feet above the sea-level, and 400 feet above the surrounding country. The Royal Palace, with its high, narrow roof surmounted by a gilt eagle, is on the highest part of the city, and round it and below are the houses of the officers of state, the nobles, and other inhabitants. Formerly, all the houses were of wood; the building with other materials was prohibited. Under the new government, however, the restriction is removed, and wood is giving place to stone. The city is very irregular as to its streets, which are narrow and inconvenient, but it stands in a commanding situation, and the aspect of the surrounding country is beautiful and striking.

G. Shrewsbury.

Stuart photo. Boston

THE CLOISTERS OF BELEM

THE CLOISTERS OF BELEM, PORTUGAL.

BELEM, of whose cloisters we give a view, is, in name, in the curious circumstances attending its erection, and in the character of its architecture, among the most noteworthy of Peninsular buildings.

As the great Conventual Church of Batalha was erected as a memorial of the most important military episode in the history of Portugal, so were the Church and Convent of Belem built by the rich and pious King Emmanuel, in the year 1500, to sanctify and to commemorate the greatest of Portuguese maritime events.

On the site of the present magnificent church—then a low-lying sandy marsh—stood a tiny *ermida*, one of those solitary chapels which the traveller will find in almost every part of Portugal. This particular chapel had been erected by Prince Henry the Navigator, for the use of sailors. It was in this chapel, tradition says, that Vasco da Gama spent in religious vigil the night of the 7th of July, 1497. On the following day he set sail on the famous expedition which ended in the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, which brought fame to his king and country, filled the royal treasury with the wealth of the Eastern Indies, and which gave to the national poet of Portugal the theme of one of the grandest epics produced since the new birth of letters.

The king, in gratitude, chose this site of the old Sailors' Chapel for the erection of a gorgeous monument to the Providence to whom his piety ascribed so much glory and prosperity. He new-christened the spot Bethlehem—in Portuguese, Belem.

The building itself is a marvel of luxuriant ornamentation, but a true artistic taste is repelled by an over-elaboration of detail and of foliage,

ornament, and moulding, such as are never found in the simpler decoration of purer times. The composition of the edifice, the disposition and massing of light and shade, and the proportions of nave and transept, are hardly satisfying to a pure architectural taste. In the cloisters, however, fine effects of light and shade are produced, in spite of over-loaded detail, as can be observed in the illustration, and the groining of the roof is here singularly fine.

If anything were required to enhance the interest of Belem, it is that it almost entirely escaped the shock of the great earthquake; built on piles driven into the spongy soil of what was little better than a marsh, it may not improbably have owed its safety to these apparently insecure foundations, while buildings that rested on the rocky crust of the earth were overthrown and shattered.

The great poem of Camoens contains an allusion to Belem :—

> " Whose shrine
> Rests on the margin of the Western Sea.
> To make the ground more honour'd, it is named
> From that, the holiest in Palestine,
> Where Christ had birth—God-hallowed Bethlehem."

JOHN LATOUCHE.

Good photo. *Woodburytype*

THE SPHINX AND GREAT PYRAMID.

THE SPHINX AND GREAT PYRAMID

THE Pyramids of Egypt are probably the oldest monuments of human skill and industry. The great age, vast magnificence and the mystery which until lately enshrouded their origin and use, justly ranked them in former times among the seven wonders of the world. The period of their erection is the very dawn of secular history, for they were already old when Moses was rescued from the water to be the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter.

Various opinions have been held as to their use; but it seems to be now conclusively settled that they are tombs, built by kings who reigned between 2440 and 2080 B.C.

The first work of these kings was to prepare their graves, and they proceeded in this way: a chamber of a size to receive the intended stone coffin was cut deep in the solid rock, with a long passage to it slanting upwards and outwards. Over all this the structure was raised. Large blocks of stone, so large that this nineteenth century wonders how they could be moved, were laid tier on tier in regular progression, and the mass of building grew both in breadth and height during the monarch's reign. At his death his sarcophagus was taken down by the long passage to its narrow resting place; the entrance was closed, and the step-like sides of the pyramid cut down smooth and cased so as to present an unbrokenly even surface. Thus the size of the pyramid was a measure of the power and resources of the king it entombed. The most remarkable of the Pyramids (of which there are seventy altogether) are at Gizeh, and of these the greatest is that of Cheops, or Kufa I.

It is said to be the result of the united labour of one hundred thousand men for half a century. Its perpendicular height is 450 feet 9 inches, and its

base is 764 feet square. About 30 feet of its original height have been lost by time and violence, and, as with nearly all the rest, the fine stone casing has disappeared, and its sides are a series of rough stone steps from two to four feet in height. The summit is a platform 32 feet square.

The second pyramid, that of Kufa II., is somewhat smaller than the first, and of inferior workmanship ; but it is built on a higher elevation. The third is that of Mycerinus, a kind and wise king, who was the darling of his people. Some human remains found in this pyramid, and now in the British Museum, are supposed to belong to this good king.

About a hundred yards to the east of the second pyramid is the Sphinx, the most remarkable figure of its kind. Old pictures show only a huge head rising above the sand; but the head is found to belong to a body 176 feet long and 56 feet high, cut out of the solid rock, with masonry added here and there to complete the form. Of the precise uses of this human-headed quadruped very little is known more than that it was a religious emblem; it belongs to the same age as the Pyramids.

There they stand, strange monuments of a race long passed away! Built in the infancy of science, they now overlook the highest results of human invention. The desert at their feet is crossed by the railroad and the telegraph, and the waters of old Nile are broken by the paddle-stroke of the steamboat. Our picture is a proof that the majesty of their hoary state has been invaded by the photographer's camera—the wonder-working chamber of the youngest but most marvellous of the sciences. What greater wonders will they see ere they crumble quite away ?

G. Shrewsbury.

ICE CAVERN.

ONE of the most charming natural phenomena of the Alpine world is the Ice Cavern, or Grotto. Unfortunately for the casual visitor, it is rarely found in perfection, for although every glacier that streams down the mountain side, to melt in the warm air of the valleys, assumes at its extremity an arch-like form, through which the snow water seeks an outlet, it is seldom the structure has the grand and picturesque outline of our photograph. In certain localities, however, where the natural surroundings are favourable, an ice cavern or arch is formed almost every summer, for during the cold weather, be it remembered, all trace of the structure vanishes under the accumulation of fresh masses of ice and snow. At Grindelwald, at Chamounix, at Pontresina, and in other lofty Alpine valleys, year after year, a natural grotto of this kind, fashioned out of solid ice, may be seen.

There are few things that appear more wonderful and fascinating to the traveller than the glittering walls and glassy vault-like roof, as he stands within the cool and sombre retreat. Crystalline pendants of ice sparkle overhead, wherever a ray of sunshine penetrates, and out of the depths of the cavern shines a lustrous blue, as from a thousand prisms. Where a cleft in the ice is deeper than usual, there the colour grows in intensity, until it becomes a gorgeous purple. Big ice blocks, like broken pillars of marble, are scattered in all directions, and from a hidden source foams up the white glacier water, the childhood of a mighty river that here breaks into the sunshine for the first time. It must be in a fairy palace such as this, that water-sprites have their home, and the beautiful but cold-hearted Lurlines are born, who glide down the dancing rivulet, until, like other water-babies, they attain maturity, and dwell on the Rhine or elsewhere, luring mortals to their death.

Sometimes the locality of these ice caverns is a romantic one, among big rocks and boulders at the very margin of a pine forest, so that from a distance the dazzling white crystals appear in the midst of dark fir-trees. As you peep through a gap in the foliage, or look down from some eminence at the frozen billows streaming through a ravine to the very borders of the wood, it seems to you but an easy walk to the snow-fields. Let not the traveller be deceived, however, for nothing is so illusionary as the proximity of these icy wonders. Unless the actual distance is known, the traveller does well not to attempt to reach the glacier. Apparently within half-an-hour's stroll, the tantalising ice pinnacles seem never to grow nearer; mile after mile do you march through the rough pine forest, picking your way over moss-grown boulders and across numberless torrents, until you grow despairing. At last a turn in the path brings you to the edge of the wood, and there is the glacier right before you, only it is probably another mile or two up a wet stony channel before the ice is reached, and this part of the journey it is which is the most tiring of all. Your brief excursion of an hour or so has by this time grown into half a day, and it is evening before you get back again to the comfortable hotel in the village. But the rough scramble over the rocks and rivulets is well worth the trouble, for climbing about and around these grand piles of nature, whose form and beauty are ever changing, has a charm peculiarly its own. Sometimes the icy field is full of rough furrows, with huge white needles and pinnacles of the most fantastic shapes, while elsewhere the glassy surface is only interrupted by deep crevasses, with walls of translucent blue. Above the glacier is a smooth stream of white lava flowing from an adjacent snow peak, but as it descends into the valley the frozen mass breaks up and assumes the forms of spires, blocks, and prisms, and sometimes, as our picture shows, that of a wonderful arch or cavern, through which the snow water passes on its way to feed the broad rivers in the green plains below.

H. Baden Pritchard, Author of "Tramps in the Tyrol,"
"Beauty Spots of the Continent," &c.

NAVE OF WELLS CATHEDRAL

NAVE OF WELLS CATHEDRAL.

IN a fertile plain at the foot of the Mendips lies the quiet cathedral city of Wells. It takes its name from two wells in its vicinity—St. Andrew's Well, which has still almost the honour of a sacred spring, and the not far distant source of the little river Ax, which flows away through many a flowery meadow into the Bristol Channel. Here the pious Ina, king of the West Saxons, built a church, which he dedicated to the Apostle St. Andrew, who thus became, in a double sense, the patron of the city.

In 905 A.D. Edward the Elder, the son of Alfred, and only less distinguished than he because the son of such a father, and the sire of three successive monarchs—Athelstane, Edmund, and Edred—raised Wells into a bishopric.

The Saxon cathedral then built had fallen into complete decay during the rapacious reigns of the first Norman princes, and in 1135 was repaired by Bishop Robert. But it is from the beginning of the thirteenth century that the present church dates. Then the large and noble hearted Jocelyn of Wells rebuilt almost the whole fabric, and left it much as it now stands, one of the very finest of all our English cathedrals, whether in point of size, purity of style, delicacy of execution, or proportion and effect. In 1318 the canons of the cathedral voluntarily taxed themselves to the extent of one-fifth part of their incomes in order to raise the vast and massive central tower to its present splendid proportions; but what was the dismay of the generous prebends to find that, in consequence of the enormous pressure put upon the arches which supported it, they were giving way, and that huge rents and fissures threatened the immediate ruin of their beloved cathedral!

No time was to be lost : the wonderful inverted arches which are shown in the photograph were inserted in order to throw the strain in a lateral direction, and thus by means of accident, one may almost say of error, the peculiarly beautiful and unusual effect here portrayed was produced. Strangely enough these marvellous arches form the sign of the cross of St. Andrew, the especial emblem of the cathedral, and to his beneficent influence no doubt their effectiveness, both as to strength and beauty, would be affectionately attributed by the anxious prebends, who saw by their means their cathedral not only saved from destruction, but beautified and adorned.

Perhaps the most wonderful and characteristic trait of Wells is its vast throng of statues, which form, in spite of the malevolent work of ages and ignorance upon them, an epitome of the Scriptures, and a history of the Church in all times, from the creation of Adam to the gift of tongues at Pentecost. Here, indeed, are "sermons in stones."

No less than three hundred figures embellish the western front alone. Amongst the most remarkable of these are the ninety-two representations of the Resurrection. The distinctions of the age and professions of the characters introduced are marked with the most exquisite taste, and yet the most boundless originality, and excited the admiration, as, indeed, they are almost worthy of the genius, of the immortal Flaxman. The sculptures of Amiens and Orvieto excel them in nothing except the greater finish of the stone, and must yield to them in freshness and appropriateness of design.

From the Shepton Mallett Road, only a short distance from the city, and a magnificent view is obtained of the whole cathedral pile, with the Mendips in the background ; and, eight miles to the south-west, the strange conical form of Glastonbury Tor throws its shadow over all that remains of the once famous Abbey of Glastonbury, the site of the first British church, built with wicker from the marshes, and the fruitful mother of the now venerable Cathedral of Wells.

FRANCIS CLEMENT NAISH.

Woodbury photo. Woodbury type.

COLOSSAL FIGURE AT SINGA-SARIE, JAVA.

COLOSSAL FIGURE AT SINGA-SARIE, ISLAND OF JAVA.

THE island of Java abounds in ruined temples, statues, bronzes, and other antiquities, showing an anterior state of art-culture far superior to what is possessed by the natives of the present day.

Nothing is known by them of the origin of these wonderful relics, their only explanation being that they were raised by genii, and that the figures were sent from Heaven in God's wrath to terrify the inhabitants of the island. The large figure represented in our accompanying illustration is one of two such figures evidently placed to guard each side of the approach to the beautiful temple of Singa-Sarie (lion flower) which is close at hand. In other parts of the island similar figures are found at the entrances to the ruined temples, but none possessing such colossal proportions as these, nor in such remarkable preservation. The figure, although sunk by its enormous weight some distance into the ground, is still over twelve feet in height, and nine to ten feet broad, and is composed of one solid block of granite. The large protruding eyes, broad nose with curved nostrils, wide mouth, and thick sensual lips out of which protrude two tusks, give to the face a very remarkable but by no means pleasing look. On the head is a tiara studded with death's heads, the same design being carried out in the earrings and the belt encircling the stomach. The figure is kneeling on one knee, while the right hand rests on a carved club or sceptre; a large snake is coiled round the body, the head of which hangs from the shoulder on the back.

The grove in which this figure is situated is filled with the kamboja tree (*Plumeria obtusa*) which, unlike most other tropical trees, sheds its

leaves several times during the year, giving a wintry aspect to the scene. Whether from this peculiarity or not I do not know, but it is usually planted in cemeteries, being looked upon as possessing a sacred character.

The flower, some fallen heads of which may be seen on the left of the picture, is large, white with a yellow centre, and possessed of a powerful though sweet scent. The kamboja tree is often alluded to in the simple poetry of the Malays, the following being a sample :—

"Kalau tooan peggie daooloo
Cheri-kan saya daoon kamboja ;
Kalau tooan mati daooloo
Nanti-kan saya di pintu Surga :"

the literal meaning of which in English would be as follows :—

" If thou goest before me
Seek for me a kamboja leaf ;
If thou diest before me
Await me at the gates of Heaven."

W. B. Woodbury.

S. Thompson photo.

THE BELFRY AT BRUGES.

"In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.
As the summer-morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.
Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray,
Like a shield emboss'd with silver round and vast the landscape lay;
Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.
From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seem'd more distant than the sky.
Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes.
Like the psalms from some old cloister when the nuns sing in the choir,
And the great bell toll'd among them like the chanting of a friar.
Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms fill'd my brain,
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again."

LONGFELLOW.

ONE of the most picturesque features in old Flemish cities is their belfries and their noble Hôtels de Ville. The wealthy burghers lavished upon them all the splendour and all the art that an opulent class, enriched by the commercial prosperity of Flanders in the middle ages, could command. The Hôtel de Ville in each city was regarded as the temple of their liberties; it was to them the symbol of political power and privilege, won or purchased from their hereditary oppressors the nobles. In the time of the frequent wars and civic disturbances which made Belgium the cock-pit of Europe, the bells of Bruges and its rival city Ghent might often be heard sounding over the vast plains and dykes of the Low Countries. The "carillons" are "most musical, most melancholy," and scarcely ever at rest many minutes together.

In the stillness and darkness of night they have a dreamy soothing effect, which is far from unpleasant. Chimes were in existence in Bruges as early as 1300.

The Belfry, which forms the central tower of Les Halles, stands in the Grande Place; it is some 290 feet in height. Our view is taken from the picturesque canal immediately behind it. The decay of Bruges has not been attended by that external degradation sometimes seen in other European cities. The streets are clean and well kept, though thinly populated, and the inhabitants seem to have forgotten that Bruges was one of the most powerful and opulent cities in the world, its streets crowded with merchants from all countries, and its harbour thronged with richly laden vessels from the half-fabulous East, and its court one of the most brilliant and influential in Europe. The Belfry stands in a square (the Grande Place) crowded with memories. Time and space would fail us even to glance at them in the most cursory manner: Maximilian on his knees, beneath its shadow, swearing an oath to the bold burghers he never intended to keep; Charles the Second, light of heart and purse, sauntering round the square with his exiled followers during the small hours, singing roystering songs to the disparagement of "Charlie's foes" over the water, and to the disgust of the drowsy inhabitants. The house he inhabited yet bears the sign "*Au Lion Belge.*"

S. Thompson.

NIAGARA RIVER IN WINTER.

NIAGARA! What magic in the name to all of us; how few of us have realized its actual glories, yet how few but have drawn some picture of its grandeur in their imagination. Yet all whose lot it has been to visit this greatest of Nature's wonders, have at first felt a slight sense of disappointment, which has however soon passed away and given place to one of awe and wonder.

To see Niagara in its glory must be in winter time, when each tree stem appears as if newly covered with dead silver; when the bed of the river is changed by the magic hand of King Frost into a fantastic mass of curious shapes; and great domes of ice, spray formed, start up from beneath each portion of the Falls: then the great green, blue, and brown mass of tumbling water is set off by the pure masses of crystalline white below, glorified by the glancing rays of light that catch them; to stand on the Canadian side, and look down deep below into the impenetrable spray-hidden void, tinged in sunlight by the rainbow against a pure white ground—these are sights, the feelings conjured up by which, memory can never lose.

Formerly Table Rock was considered the finest stand-point to view the great Horse-shoe Fall, but from gradual undermining this immense mass was precipitated below, some forty persons having only a few minutes previously been standing on it.

The old Terrapin tower, also, is no longer a principal object in the panorama of Niagara, having lately been blown down as considered unsafe. It occupied at once a singular and awful position, a mass of rock lying just on the brink of the great Horse-shoe Fall being its only support. The tumultuous mass of mad waters rushing headlong over on each side made it by no means a pleasant place for persons of a nervous disposition, but the view from the top of the tower, some forty feet high, was sublime, the

rapids above coming rushing tempestuously onwards as if eager for the plunge into the gulf below, the great sweep of the Fall just below us and the steep banks of the river beyond altogether made this one of the most commanding points of view.

Our view, though giving but a distant view of the Falls, has been chosen as representing one of those wonderful winter combinations of ice and snow which the photographer has arrested by means of his camera.

The mass of spray rising in the air partly obscures the great Horse-Shoe Fall, the Terrapin tower standing out boldly against the sky. A portion of the American Fall is seen on the left side of the picture.

The following lines by Lord Morpeth will not be out of place here :—

"There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!
Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense recall—
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirrings of the chambers of the deep;
Earth's emerald green and many-tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies;
The tread of armies, thickening as they come,
The boom of cannon and the beat of drum;
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race;
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
The unresisting sweep of Roman power;
Britannia's trident on the azure sea,
America's young shout of liberty!

"Oh, may the wars that madden on these deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steeps;
And till the conflict of their surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace!"

WALTER B. WOODBURY.

S. Thompson photo. Woodbury & C.

WEGGIS, LAKE LUCERNE

WEGGIS, LAKE LUCERNE.

"That sacred Lake withdrawn among the hills,
Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall
Built by the giant race before the flood.
* * * * * *
Who would not land in each and tread the ground,
Land where Tell leaped ashore; and climb to drink
Of the three hallowed fountains?"

ROGERS.

FOR grandeur and sublimity of scenery the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons is unrivalled by any lake in Europe, and scarcely surpassed in other features of the picturesque and beautiful. There are those who delight in the softer beauty of Como and Maggiore, and there are others who, with modest diffidence, put forth the milder claims of the Lake of Geneva.

On the left bank, at its very edge, nestling among the meadows and orchards which fringe the shore at the foot of the Rigi, lies the pretty village of Weggis. During at least one-half the year it leads a torpid existence—dozes and wakes up only when the crash of the live thunder of some wilder storm than usual reverberates through the recesses of the St. Gothard Alps; but when the returning Spring shall make the meadows green, the leaves burst forth anew, and the warm sun spread "a light of laughing flowers" along its banks, and aged people and stunted cretins creep forth to bask in the unwonted ray, Weggis will awaken also, for Weggis is the place

of embarkation for travellers returning from the Rigi. Its whilome deserted quay will swarm with tourists of all nations, presenting every variety of costume, many of them carrying alpenstocks crowned with tufts of the sweet-scented alpine rose. Whether they saw the sun rise or set from the Rigi Kulm, and the wonderful panorama it commands, or whether the too common fate of the majority has befallen them, we stay not to enquire. Presently comes the "Dampfschiff" that shall carry them away on their several routes, and ere long the little quay again begins to throng with fresh reinforcements awaiting the next steamer, and this will go on all day, and every day, until Autumn gathers his golden sheaves, and the last lingering leaf has fled before the biting blast of Winter.

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

CANOVA'S TOMB, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DE' FRARI, VENICE.

IN the Church of Santa Maria de' Frari, a structure of the Tedesco-Gotico or pointed Gothic style, and dating from the thirteenth century, rest the remains of Canova.

All around him lie the ashes of the noble, the powerful, and the celebrated, many good paintings also adorn the church, and in the suppressed Convent of the Frari are deposited the archives of the old republic of Venice, so that the tomb before us is in no unsympathetic company, but surrounded by objects akin to the great artist whom it commemorates and enshrines.

Canova was born on the 1st of November, 1757, at Possagno, in the Venetian territory.

His father was an architect, and worked in marble, so that the growing genius of the young boy was early initiated into that art in which he was hereafter to win so great a name.

At the age of fourteen his father sent him to Venice, where he entered the studio of a sculptor named Bernardi, on whose death he was handed over to his nephew Ferrari, and two baskets of fruit and flowers, carved in marble, are still lovingly preserved in Venice as memorials of these youthful days. About this time he commenced also his first work of imagination, a group of Orpheus and Eurydice, which he modelled at his native village whilst still attending the Academy in Venice. This procured him some reputation, and his kind patron Faliero, by whose assistance he had been placed with Bernardi, and who had ever since stood his firm friend, gave him a recommendation to the Venetian Ambassador at Rome, where he arrived in October, 1779, whilst in his twenty-second year. His group of Dædalus and Icarus was sent him, and placed in one of the saloons of the

Cavalier Zuliano, the Venetian Ambassador, round whose table gathered the very best artists, critics, and literati of the day. We may imagine what this moment of suspense was to the youthful artist, not but that the genius which had created such beauty would also assure him that it was beautiful, in spite of all critics, had their opinion been unfavourable, but that on the opinion of Zuliano's guests depended, in great measure, the success of his future career. The connoisseurs gathered round the group of statuary; for some time there was a profound silence; to a Scotch artist, Gavin Hamilton, a man of exquisite taste although not of eminent genius, belongs the honour of the first word that was spoken; he pronounced the highest encomiums upon the work, and gave to the young sculptor, at the same time, valuable advice and encouragement; the line was followed by brother critics, and Canova "woke up" from his reverie of expectation, like Byron on the publication of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," to "find himself famous."

Canova returned to Venice, and soon after established himself in Rome, on the strength of a pension from his government of three hundred ducats a year for three years.

He travelled, when young, over part of Germany, and was twice in Paris. On his last visit he was engaged in superintending the works of art which had been taken by the French, and from Paris proceeded to England, where a warm reception awaited his genius and renown, and the sight of the Elgin marbles repaid him, as he expressly declared, for his journey from Rome.

He died in Venice, after an illness of a very few days, whilst engaged in modelling decorations for a church which he had built in his native Possagno, and was buried in the noble tomb portrayed in the photograph, which was raised by subscription from the many admirers of his great powers.

He was as kind-hearted and generous to his brother artists and competitors for fame as he was raised above them by his genius; and his natural disposition, and the degeneracy of his age, saved him alike from the jealousies which marred the magnanimity of Michael Angelo, and the ceaseless toil which wore out the immortal Raphael in his youth.

His works attest his talents, and this monument records his fame.

Requiescat in pace.

FRANCIS CLEMENT NAISH.

Houseworth photo. Woodbury type.

ON THE MERCED, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

VIEW OF NORTH AND SOUTH DOMES.

THERE is perhaps no spot in the world that can surpass the Yosemite Valley in the grandeur of its mountain and forest scenery. In many places stupendous rocks have been riven from the parent mountains by some tremendous convulsion, and tossed into the valley, from which they rise like giant obelisks or monolithic pyramids, to arrest the traveller's gaze and shut out the surrounding landscape from his view. But these fragments are as a drop of water to the ocean when compared with the lofty mountains and granite walls that shut in the scene around. The great Yosemite trees, unsurpassed in magnitude, dwindle into insignificance as they stand sentinel beneath the Domes, whose crags tower in precipices two thousand feet above their topmost branch.

Like the boom of distant thunder the valley resounds with the roar of cataracts, that in their headlong rush, escaping from their rock-bound channels in the mountain solitudes, leap in foaming torrents from crag to crag, to swell the stream two thousand five hundred feet below.

The rocky height known to the Indians as the "*To-coy-oe*," and named by the present owners of the soil "the Great North Dome," rears its hoary granite head to a height of three thousand seven hundred and twenty-five feet, furnishing an unyielding pillow on which the passing clouds may rest. Viewed from the Merced River (the position chosen for the photograph) the Dome is perhaps seen to its greatest advantage, its bold outline softened by the intervening atmosphere, which clothes the rugged chasms and primeval forests that crown its stony brow, with a luminous veil of blue, and

mellows the bright colours of rocks and foliage, brought out by the mid-day sun.

But there is yet a greater mount than this. "The Southern Dome," shattered by some great shock, towers in broken outline a thousand feet above the "To-coy-oe," its serrated sides sparkling through the deep blue, —with which distance has subdued its rugged proportions,—like the gleams of light on a rough sapphire.

In the middle distance of the picture the bank, on one side of the stream, wears a rich mantle of dark foliage, while on the other, budding trees, bathed in sunshine, display their tender hues against the deep shadow of an overhanging cliff. A belt of bright sand sweeps round in a graceful curve, affording a striking contrast to the masses of splintered rock scattered in wild confusion throughout the valley.

Who can wonder that, in this Yosemite Valley, the simple superstitious aborigines found a temple for the great unseen Spirit, whose throne was its everlasting rocks, and whose voice was in the murmuring of its streams and thunder of its cataracts?

GORGE DU PFEIFFER, SWITZERLAND

GORGE OF PFEFFERS, SWITZERLAND.

THE Gorge of Pfeffers, says *Murray*, "is one of the most extraordinary places in Switzerland," and certainly few have seen this wonderful place who would not endorse the affirmation. Hid in the Vale of the Tamina, exists in savage and romantic solitude one of Nature's *chefs-d'œuvre* in wild and weird-like design.

The source of the hot springs is at the extremity of the gorge. Immediately behind the baths, the ravine suddenly contracts in a remarkable way, and the gorge here looks like a deep jagged gash in the rocks, so narrow, that at a little distance it scarcely seems to admit of an entrance. A shelf of planks, guarded by a hand-rail, traverses the whole length of the gorge immediately over the foaming torrent. The sides are vertical or overhanging, and after proceeding some distance along this tunnel of Nature, its darkness becomes oppressive, as the only light is that obtained from the narrow strip of sky above, like that from the shaft of a coal mine on the Tyne. The deafening noise of the rushing torrent below, the size and grandeur of the overhanging rocks above, the concentrated savageness —so to speak—of the whole scene, is one of a very impressive and novel character. For nearly a quarter of a mile you pursue your way, wondering and impressed, until a wooden bridge across the gulf is reached, which leads to what proves to be but a huge, excavated chamber, made by the

then Abbot (1630) of the neighbouring convent of Pfeffers for a proposed chapel. A little farther and the gorge culminates, and at the bottom of the cavern in the rocks rise the hot springs. The guide takes you by the hand, leads you in, and hands you a glass of water that comes welling up from Nature's own cauldron, at a temperature of 100 degrees, but mutters no incantation, appropriate as it would seem. The temperature of the cavern is so high, that you hastily swallow the water and rush out into the unnaturally damp and chilling gorge, only to feel you have exchanged Scylla for Charybdis.

When the weather is sunny, a curious phantasmagoria, peculiar to the place, is visible at noon, when the sun reaches its highest altitude, and the vertical rays penetrate into the gorge during the short time it is crossing the narrow aperture. We waited more than a week for a bright day, to catch this effect: the gulf is then illuminated and all its terrific proportions brought into view in the most striking manner. It is a matter of regret, that comparatively few of all the visitors to the gorge ever see it under that aspect. Even when the day is favourable, it lasts but a short time, and unless they chance to arrive just at that period half of its wonderful effect is lost.

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

AMSTERDAM.

AMSTERDAM, the Venice of the North as it has often been called, takes its name from being the dam or dyke of the river Amstel, at whose confluence, jointly with that of the Y (pronounced eye), the chief city of the Netherlands is situated. Numerous canals divide the city into ninety-five islands, connected together with no less than two hundred and ninety-five bridges. Most of these are in the form of drawbridges to allow the numerous boats to circulate throughout the city. A broad road in nearly all cases skirts the two sides of the canals, the houses with their quaint gables leaning towards the road, and the rows of shady trees in front having an exceedingly picturesque appearance. The stranger is generally struck with the cranes attached to nearly all the houses, dwelling-houses not excepted, by which the furniture and other things are admitted, the doors and passages not allowing of their entry in the usual way.

Many fine churches rear their quaint spires above the city, sending forth at intervals the music of their weird carrillons which, when heard in the stillness of evening, possess a singular charm to the stranger, although those who live always within hearing of them do not seem to have much appreciation for them.

The city of Amsterdam has given to the world of art some of its greatest names: Rembrandt (whose statue adorns the Butermarkt), Paul Potter, Van de Velde, Van Eckhout, Bol, and other noted painters, together with the celebrated Spinosa, having all been born here.

Nearly the whole of the city, which is of a crescent shape, is built on piles, its chief source of defence depending on its numerous sluices, by which the surrounding country could in a few hours be entirely flooded; this

defence, however, proved of no value in the year 1795, when a hard frost having taken place the famous General Pichegru was enabled without much difficulty to enter the city.

Formerly it was necessary for ships entering Amsterdam to navigate the perilous Zuyder Zee, but a new canal, one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, now connects it with the North Sea, a distance of fifty miles. This is considered the broadest canal in the world, its lock gates far exceeding any others in size.

Our view is a very characteristic one of the Netherland city. The drawbridge, the barges, the church tower with its peculiar architecture, and surmounted with its belfry, the houses with their varied gables leaning towards the road, all combine to form a scene which is peculiarly Dutch.

W. B. Woodbury.

Shepherd photo.

COLONNADES IN THE MASJID-I-KUTB-AL-ISLAM, DELHI.

COLONNADE IN THE MASJID-I-KUTB-UL-ISLAM, DELHI.

FOR great beauty and at the same time variety of design, perhaps the columns in the mosque Masjid-i-Kutb-ul-Islam of Delhi surpass anything of the kind among the ruined temples of British India.

This mosque is situated in the old town of Delhi, and not far distant from the wonderful stone column known as the Kutb-Minar. As will be noticed in our accompanying photograph, no two columns of this structure are alike, and this peculiarity applies also to the almost endless number forming the colonnade surrounding the building.

In 1870, Lieutenant Henry Hardy Cole was deputed by the authorities of the South Kensington Museum to make casts of the most interesting of these relics, which may now be seen in that building.

From the inscription over the eastern gateway we gather from a record of Kutt-ud-din that he built the great Masjid from the materials of twenty-seven idolatrous Hindu temples, and that this took place during the guardianship of Abkar, son of Almed, A.D. 1199.

In his "Architecture of Ancient Delhi," Lieut. Henry Hardy Cole thus describes the portion of the mosque forming our illustration :—

"The most elaborate and effective pillars are in the colonnade at the east end of the courtyard. They are built up to the same height, but beyond this they have no precise resemblance one to the other. Each part of them differs as regards size, shape, and ornamentation; some are made up of as many as five detached pieces, but, as a rule, only the two shafts, base, and cap, are in separate blocks. Crowning the columns in the centre of this

cloister are a number of caps, with brackets arranged to support architraves at an angle of an octagon, and to sustain the central dome, so that in some, at least, of the pre-existing twenty-seven temples, the Jain method of constructing a roof was employed by the Hindus. The pillars in the courtyard are thirteen feet in height, and rest on a slab of stone two feet square and nine inches high. The interval in the length of the colonnade is seven feet seven inches and a half from centre to centre, and six feet one inch in the cross direction.

"The pillar in the foreground has a cap consisting of four brackets, to the under part of each of which figures or statues appear to have been fastened. The lower part of each bracket has a hole to receive the mortice of the figures or ornaments used.

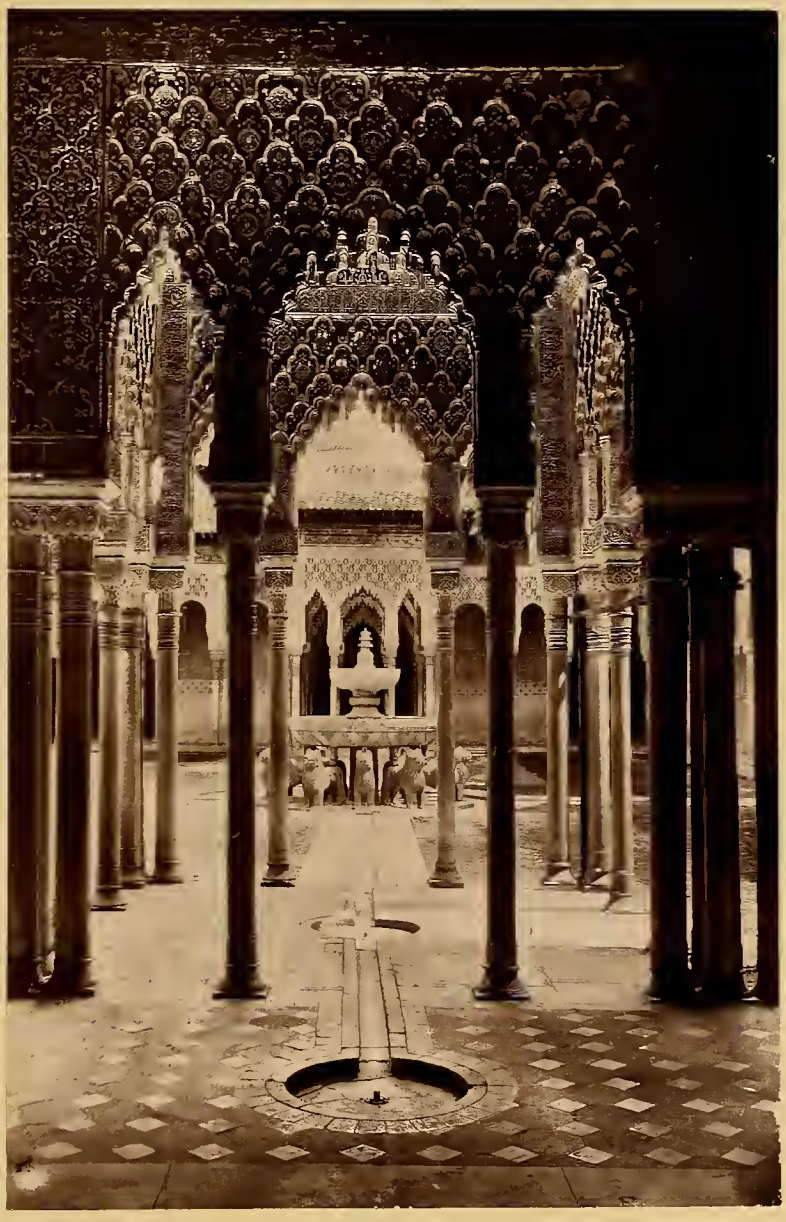
"The shaft under this capital is, no doubt, wrongly placed. There is no support upon which the figure could have rested. In the lower shaft on the next column there are the remains of a small ledge or support for a figure, and it seems to me to be a reasonable surmise that such a shaft as this would have been more appropriate to the capital than the one which at present is there."

W. B. Woodbury.

ANDERNACH, ON THE RHINE.

ABOUT ten miles from Coblenz the traveller who is exploring the Rhine from its sources in Switzerland to the entrance of its waters into the North Sea through many channels, will notice on the left bank of the river the pretty and picturesque little town of Andernach, near which Julius Cæsar is supposed to have thrown his famous wooden bridge across the Rhine.

In olden times little Andernach was an imperial town and enjoyed all the privileges and immunities attached to its position of precedence among cities, until it was deprived of them in a summary manner by the then Elector of Cologne about the close of the fifteenth century, and suddenly sank to the rank of an ordinary municipality. It was also strongly fortified, and much of the massive wall which was the safeguard on the land side against external foes in the middle ages, still remains. Times, however, are now changed at Andernach, as they are indeed all over the world, and little is left to show its former importance except its quaint appearance, which vividly recalls to the traveller's remembrance the history of bygone years in its plain but substantial houses—many of which were erected entirely or in part hundreds of years ago; its square parish church with a tower at each angle, built in the twelfth century; the white watch-tower near the river bank, originally erected to command the Rhine and all that passed up stream or down stream before the town; and the gateway on its north-western side, which spans the road leading



Stuart photo. *Woodburytype.*

COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

ABOUT the middle of the eighth century, when the Moors established the kingdom of Cordova in Southern Spain, they founded the city of Granada. In 1236 this kingdom was brought to an end by Ferdinand III. of Castile, called the Saint and the Holy, and a great part of it was wrested by him from the Moors and annexed to his dominions. That portion which the Moors still held, Mohammed-al-Hamar erected into a kingdom which he called the kingdom of Granada, after the town he selected as his capital; and as soon as he had secured his throne against the attacks of the Christians, his neighbours, he set to work in earnest to beautify the city that he had already fortified.

Close to Granada, on an eminence which commanded it, stood the citadel of the Moorish king. This stronghold bore the Arabic name of "Kal'at-al-hamra," or the Red Castle, from which, by an easy transition, comes its modern name of the Alhambra. It was girt by a wall more than a mile in circuit, flanked at intervals by roomy towers, and within it, in 1248, Mohammed commenced to build a magnificent palace which it took a century to complete, and which is now called the Casa Real. All that now remains of this superb building, which may be justly called "a poem in stone," is comprised in two rectangular courts of oblong shape called respectively the "Court of the Fishpond" and the "Court of the Lions." The latter, which takes its name from a fountain of marble and alabaster in the centre sustained on the backs of sculptured lions, is shown in the accompanying illustration. The court itself is one hundred feet in length by fifty in breadth; and is surrounded by porticoes, halls, and chambers, supported by light and slender pillars of white marble, which are said to be 128 in number. The apartments which are built around the court are

lighted by windows opening on the interior of the court itself, and the reason why the master-mind which conceived and carried out this striking and unique specimen of Moorish architecture, adopted this peculiar mode of construction, is revealed in an Arabic inscription on the walls, which may be thus translated:—"Though my windows admit the light of day, they exclude the view of external objects, lest the beauties of Nature should divert your attention from the beauties of my work."

The exquisite effect of lights and shadows that prevails throughout the building, the beautiful proportions of the columns and the arches they support, and the elegance of the fretwork and elaborate arabesques with which the capitals of the columns, the cornices, and the faces of the walls are profusely adorned, are conveyed in the illustration, in which the design of the fine marble pavement, and the circular basins by which its uniformity is broken, are clearly shown. The only thing which it fails to convey to the eye of the beholder is the brilliancy of the colouring which is lavished on every part of the building and its ornamentation, and which is but slightly impaired by the lapse of time. The hues and tints that prevail are pink, light blue, and dusky purple, plentifully relieved by gold, and always blended in exquisite taste, and harmonious though most gorgeous.

The Alhambra, carefully preserved by the Spanish government as a work of art, now serves no other purpose than that of a reminiscence of the dead past of Spain, with which times present exhibit a contrast alike unfavourable and deplorable.

F. Y.

BANGKOK, CAPITAL OF SIAM.

THE Menam river of Siam is the great trade route, which, with its endless ramifications of minor streams, canals, and creeks, establishes a network of communication over the vast interior of the country, and with the city of Bangkok, its capital.

Bangkok may almost be described as a floating city. It is difficult to tell where land begins and where it ends; its highways and its streets are the canals, which are lined with a throng of picturesque shops and houses, all of them afloat on rafts of bamboo moored to the banks.

As one steams up the broad river to the capital, the scene, at first sight, is so purely Oriental and fascinating that the traveller at once forms illusive dreams of the vast wealth and resources of the people.

Here one beholds a forest of temple spires, ablaze with gold and silver and jewels, the spoils probably of war, or the glittering produce of Eastern mines. But, alas! these towers and shrines, that occupy almost the only dry ground of this Siamese Venice, suffer sadly from careful and close inspection. The gold and silver are transmuted into tinsel, and the precious gems into coarse mosaics of glass and broken crockery-ware, and the edifices themselves are nothing more than brick and mortar. These buildings, however, are neither without interest, nor devoid of significance; they have been erected during the lifetime of wealthy and devout Buddhists, just like the famed Mausolea of ancient Rome, inscribed with their "Vivus fecit," or "Vivus faciendum curavit," with this important difference, that the Siamese temples and monuments are not tombs, but shrines set up to purchase promotion for the builder towards the mysterious Nirvana of the Buddhists.

The square clock-tower of the first king's palace may be seen among the group of buildings on the other side of the river.

In Siam there is a chief, and a second or subordinate king. This practice of having two kings was originally instituted so as to avoid complication, or the suspension of the affairs of state, in the event of the sudden death of the first king. In order to meet such a contingency, the second king would be invested with the supreme power until the proper successor was chosen and set upon the throne.

The palace grounds cover a large area in the heart of the city, and are walled around like a little town, which affords accommodation for the thousands of men and women who make up the retinue of the royal harem, and of the monarch himself.

The palace is a costly edifice, erected in semi-European style, and surrounded by numberless temples for state worship, and by an imposing array of courts, pavilions, and pleasure grounds. The hall of audience partakes of the same mixed character: its flooring is of marble, its rows of pillars which support the roof are plated with brass, while the golden throne, sparkling with gems, stands in a recess in the centre of the back wall. Around this brilliant apartment the walls are hung with works of Oriental and foreign art, and notably one—which the writer observed—a certain framed placard advertising the marvellous properties of a potent London pill.

During the late king's reign the people were compelled to prostrate themselves in the royal presence, and to declare themselves utterly unworthy even to lick the dust from off the thrice-sacred feet of the sovereign. All this has been done away with by the young king, under whose sway Siam promises to take the foremost position among the nations of Indo-China.

J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

S. T[illegible] photo. W[illegible]

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years these cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
On the fair times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lions' marble piles
Where Venice sat, throned on her hundred isles."

NO prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that 'Bridge of Sighs,' which is the centre of the Byronic idea of Venice," writes Mr. Ruskin, thus demolishing at a blow all the romantic halo that is attached to this celebrated arch. We are reluctantly compelled to admit the justice of the great art-critic's dictum. A brief examination will at once suggest a close resemblance to Temple Bar, which belongs to that late Renaissance style of architecture unworthy of imitation.

But the *entourage* of the Bridge of Sighs belongs to the architectural wonders of the world. The Doge's Palace, the Cathedral of St. Mark, and the Library of St. Mark form one of the three incomparable groups which hold the highest place in our memory; the others being that open space at Pisa upon which stands the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Leaning

Tower, and the Cloisters of the Campo Santo; and the Acropolis of Athens with its ruined temples "drowned in the shadow of the Parthenon."

No other city is so fascinating to the imagination, so rich in associations, or so picturesque, as Venice. A protracted residence there served only to open out each day new and unexpected sources of interest and admiration.

No other city will awaken such remembrances, or so help one to realize the life of the middle ages. Its desolate palaces, its grass-grown courts, its silent highways, its fallen greatness, are subjects which stir the heart, while there is still enough of beauty and grandeur to charm the eye.

Pleasant is it to glide about in the Venetian gondola without noise, or dust, or hurry. But in time one takes pleasure in threading the intricate calles (by which after crossing innumerable bridges it is possible to reach any part of Venice), and the longing comes at length for a "constitutional" across an open country. The gondola will then be reserved for such excursions as to Murano and Torcello, and the islands scattered over the Lagoon, or the Lido, that bank of land upon which the Adriatic breaks, and which Shelley loved so much, and of which he wrote:

"I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:
And such was this wild ocean, and this shore
More barren than its billows."

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

Stuart photo. *Woodburytype.*

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

THE first impressions felt on viewing this far-famed rock are its remarkable resemblance in outline to a gigantic lion, or, as some imagine, colossal sphinx, crouched on the sea's borders, and guarding the narrow passage which alone separates the Atlantic from the Mediterranean. To the left lies the tranquil bay of Algesiras, with its transparent waters, and above it tower many-coloured hills, whose tops are, in the spring, snow covered. The contrast between the grim, formidable old rock, and the gracious landscape opposed to it, is indeed great; but, grim as it appears seen from a distance, it has, perched high up, its beautiful gardens, out through the groves of cactus, aloes, or shadowy pines of which delicious peeps are obtained of the golden waters of the bay, and azure hills beyond.

On the heights of the rock, where the side is as steep as a wall, and entirely hidden behind thick masses of palmettos and prickly pears, are numerous loop-holes, through which the black muzzles of huge cannon project, and which are approached by subterranean galleries many thousand yards in extent. These were constructed about 1788, after the combined nations of France and Spain attempted to take the old rock from its possessors.

On the highest part of the rock stands the Signal House (El Hache), from which a magnificent panorama meets the gaze. This point is between 1,600 and 1,700 feet above the level of the sea. It is said that on a clear day the ships may be seen arriving and departing from the port of Cadiz, some hundred miles or more away; Granada, Seville, and Morocco are easily seen in the distance.

At our feet lies Europa Point, a narrow slip of land advancing out seawards, covered with gardens and villas; on the right, the graceful outline of the bay, the town of Gibraltar, with its harbour filled with tiny vessels (the great three-deckers having the appearance of mere toy-boats); on the left, the little town of Algesiras, a line of towers marking the spot where English territory ends and Spanish begins. Behind this rise the mountains of Ronda, backed again by the high peaks of the Sierra Berineja, and again by the snow-covered Alpuxarras. No finer panorama could be imagined.

The patriotic ideas of Archbishop Trench, on visiting Gibraltar, are found embodied in the following lines :—

"England! we love thee better than we know,
And this I learn'd, when after wandering long
'Mid people of another stock and tongue,
I heard again thy martial music blow,
And saw thy gallant children to and fro
Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates
Which, like twin giants, watch the Herculean straits.
When first I came in sight of that brave show,
It made my very heart within me dance,
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
Forward so far into the mighty sea.
Joy was it and exultation to behold
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
A glorious picture by the wind unroll'd."

W. B. Woodbury.

MER DE GLACE, SWITZERLAND

THE MER DE GLACE, CHAMOUNI, SAVOY.

OF all the "pleasure-paths" in the Alps there are few better known than that which crosses the meadows in the Valley of Chamouni at the foot of the Montanvert, and traverses *en zig-zag* the forest of pines and larches up to the Mer de Glace. There, generally for the first time, the tourist obtains a really good and close view of that speciality in Alpine scenery, a glacier!—one of the most strange and beautiful of all the wonderful spectacles of Nature. To this permanent exhibition come annually thousands of sight-seers from both continents, American and English in perhaps the greatest proportion.

From the Montanvert as much as two leagues of wild frozen sea of ice can be seen, extending as far as the Mont Periades and the Aiguilles de Léchaud. Turning sharply round the base of the Aiguille de Charmoz, at the left-hand side of the photograph, the traveller reaches the Glacier du Géant. The ice-pass of the Col du Géant, over the shoulder of Mont Blanc into Piedmont, leads in this direction at an elevation of 11,146 feet. By crossing the glacier again at the base of the Aiguille de Charmoz, where the crevasses present less difficulty, and traversing the Talèfre on the right hand of the picture, the Jardin Oasis may be visited. This is a very remarkable sight. After scrambling for hours over precipice and moraine, past the vast masses and pyramids of ice into which the lower extremity of the Glacier de Talèfre is broken, the traveller at length reaches a rocky isle set in a sea of ice, and covered all over with herbage and flowers blooming

in summer at an elevation of more than 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. The singularity of such a scene may be imagined, but not its sublimity, encompassed as it is by the splendid Aiguilles that form an amphitheatre around the vast expanse of snow and ice which finds an outlet through the comparatively narrow gorge occupied by the Mer de Glace.

Comparatively few ever penetrate beyond the locality where stands the little pavilion that succeeded the hut occupied by De Saussure; but even there the view is undeniably grand, though the extent of field is not so great as that from the Gorner-Grat, where the view is not confined to one side. Yet all the chief features of the sublime and beautiful in Alpine scenery meet here. The vast river of ice, with its sharp glittering pinnacles, which assume at a little distance a regularity they are not found to possess when traversing them—the dark furrowed walls of mountain which enclose it—the lofty needle-pointed Aiguilles that surround it and contrast with the cold glitter of the transparent ice—the world of snow beyond—and the vista of dark pines below, form another *chef-d'œuvre* for the traveller to hang in his mental picture gallery.

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

AMOY HARBOUR, CHINA.

THE little island of Amoy nestles close to the coast at the southern extremity of the Fukien Province of the Chinese empire. The native name of the island is "Hia-mun," and it forms one of a group of many such islets that stud the coast of Fukien.

Historically, this part of the province has a deep interest attached to it, in so far, at least, as European intercourse is concerned. If not the earliest, it was one of the first ports resorted to by European traders—a fact which may be gathered by an inspection of the ancient foreign gravestones bearing Latin inscriptions that are still to be found on the hills of Amoy, Kulangsu, and the adjacent islands. It was here, too, that Koksinga, the celebrated Chinese sea-king, is reported to have assembled his fleet, with which he crossed to Formosa, and in 1661 succeeded in expelling the Dutch from that island. The hardy islanders of Amoy, after the conquest of China by the Manchus, or Tartars, were the last to succumb to the foreign yoke, and, indeed, even to this day the Amoy men wear a dark turban to conceal the badge of disgrace, the tonsure and queue imposed upon the Chinese by their Manchu conquerors.

The harbour of Amoy is one of the safest and most accessible to be found along the coast of China, nor does its position lack picturesqueness, as it is guarded by an array of bold granite rocks, upon which the natives look with awe and reverence, while the hills around present a multitude of gigantic granite boulders, wearing the most grotesque shapes, and perched in strange disorder on their summits. These have been gradually left bare and exposed by the silent power of disintegration, which has been going on for ages. These rocks, many of them, are now shaded by the graceful bamboo

or the wide-spreading branches of the banyan, while temples and shrines have been reared beneath them, and consecrated to the local guardians of the Buddhist faith.

One of the strangest and, to the traveller, most unaccountable objects to be encountered on those granite rocks, are rows of earthenware jars filled with human remains, and each one carefully labelled. These are the bodies of the poor, which are set there by their mourning relatives to await happier times, when the needy survivors, by some unexpected turn of fortune, shall be enabled to purchase for their beloved kinsmen the sacred mortuary rites, and consign their bodies to some peaceful resting-place.

J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

CLECKHEATON & SPEN VALLEY

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7.—The Library Committee shall have full power to act in any case where no regulation is provided for in any of the before mentioned rules.